

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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NUMBER 11.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

M. FRANKEL AND SONS

Are always in the lead with LOWEST PRICES AND BEST GOODS. Don't fail to call on us if you want first-class goods at rock-bottom prices. Our stock is the largest ever brought to Hopkinsville, and comprises everything in the way of

Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises!

People wonder how we can sell goods so much cheaper than our competitors. It is simply this: Our Mr. Frankel is always in the market with the ready cash in his pocket, and takes advantage of bargains which is always given him by the wholesale merchants who run short of funds. Our clothing this season can not be surpassed. It is equal to any merchant tailoring goods in the country, having been made by the best merchant tailors in New York. We took advantage of the dull summer when tailors were idle, and had them make our goods at a very small expense, which enables us to give you Custom-Made Clothing at about one-half the original merchant tailoring price.

DRY GOODS.—Our entire stock of dry goods was purchased early, before the great rush. It was selected with great care, and has nothing. The low prices at which we are selling them will astonish the very closest buyers.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—This entire line was purchased direct from the factory at Jobbers' prices, we are therefore able to sell them at same prices that other merchants pay.

HATS AND CAPS.—This department can not be equaled in this or any other section. We have everything that is made in the hat or cap line—all the latest styles for men, youths, boys and children.

The largest stock of Trunks and Valises can always be found at our mammoth establishment. We ask you to call and judge for yourself how cheap they are being sold. In addition to our large and extensive retail department, we have opened an extensive WHOLESALE ROOM, where we always keep a large surplus stock for supplying country merchants. We will duplicate any Louisville, Cincinnati or Lexington prices. Country merchants would do well to call on us. Don't be led astray, but call and see what we advertise are plain facts. "The Old Reliable."

M. FRANKEL & SONS.

Fall Plowing.

There is much difference in opinion as to the best time of the year in which to plow different soils. Many farmers are willing to admit that fall plowing is desirable upon heavy soils, but contend that spring plowing is best upon light soils. All are willing to grant that the tenacious character of a clay soil is reduced, and its texture opened and rendered less compact by the operation of frost. The lumps are easily broken apart and are disintegrated by the freezing of the water held between the particles. The field, which was left by the plow in a mass of lumps, is meliorated and brought into a condition, through this influence, that any amount of plowing and harrowing would have failed to bring about.

The same force which has caused the clouds to fall apart, also performed a less important chemical work by rendering the soil more soluble, and making available the supply of plant food, which would otherwise have remained locked up.

Now, is it possible that this change can only take place in a clay soil? Different soils are formed by the varying proportions of the constituents, which go to make up a soil. If, then, a clay soil is benefited by fall plowing, is not also a clay loam? And if a clay loam is benefited, a sandy loam must be benefited in proportion to the amount of those properties therein contained, which form the chief constituents of the clay soil.

I do not claim that it is advisable to trust to fall plowing alone, for it often happens that a winter is open and wet, and the ground becomes considerably packed, so that the cultivator is hardly capable of loosening it up. In such cases it should be replowed in the spring, and thoroughly harrowed until in good condition for seed.

There is still another advantage in fall plowing, and that is, that it enables the farmer to get his seeding done earlier in the spring than he could have done had the plowing been left over winter. Work is more evenly divided for both teams and men, when plowing is done in the fall, while the weather is cool and no other work pressing.

Three years ago it was so wet in the fall that the farmers of this section got very little fall plowing done. The succeeding spring there was a great demand for horses and men, the supply falling far short of the demand. Many fields were plowed in the worst possible condition, while those who waited for good weather were many days late with their seeding. The yield per acre, that season, was a third less than the average. This experience was not without good, as it converted many, before indifferent, into staunch believers in fall plowing. Well plowed fields in October indicate good farm management.—*Cor. Western Farmer*.

Fattenig Swine.

It is generally conceded that there should be no stand-still period in the correct system of feeding, but that growth ought to begin with young pigs and be steadily and continuously increased until the animal is ready for the butcher's block. While everybody nearly accepts the "no stand-still" system as correct in theory, most farmers in reality keep their pigs during the summer months on very poor and meager rations, waiting until cold weather to begin feeding with a view to fattening.

Growers who practice the plan of making the most of the summer season by regular feeding testify to the decided advantage of this system. "In very cold weather, unless the hogs can be well housed and kept at a temperature of about sixty degrees, what the animal eats goes to keep up the heat, and the food fails to produce the same amount of fat it would in warm weather. There remains no question but that it pays to provide warm, comfortable houses for swine during the winter season in rigorous climates."

The excessive fat gained by excessive breeding of fat-producing food is objected to by many consumers, who prefer larger proportion of lean with the fat. The *Liv. Stock Journal* says on this subject that the hog is naturally a grass and root-eating animal, but in its domestication, being fed almost wholly in this country upon concentrated food, has come the habit of depositing this excess of fat. If young pigs are kept

upon food that will grow the muscles and bones and develop a rangy frame they will, in the opinion of the authority referred to, possess so much muscle when half-grown that a moderate length of time in fattening, even on corn, will not pile on an excessive amount of fat." This is fat-tended in Canada partly upon barley, but largely upon peas—a highly nitrogenous food, yielding a large proportion of muscle—producing more lean meat than do swine fattened almost wholly upon corn—an excessively starchy and fattening food.—*N. Y. World*.

The Way to Cook Oysters.

The oyster is eaten in a variety of styles—fried, broiled, stewed, steamed, scalloped and raw. Some people in Chicago eat them pickled. No matter, Chicago is young yet, and will learn better after a while. So wealthy and enterprising a city can not remain forever unenriched. The best way to eat oysters is in the old-fashioned Maryland stew. Shuck your oysters, and on pain of death let not a drop of water or milk touch them. Let them repose for a few moments in their own liquid, while you cut up a very small quantity of fat, new bacon, with a shred here and there of lean with it. About an ounce of bacon to a quart of oysters. Ham is not the best, neither is middling good, new shoulder is the article. Put the bacon in a frying-pan and heat rapidly over a vigorously burning fire. When the bacon is done to a crisp pour in the oysters. Stew for two minutes and a half or three, no longer. Pepper to suit taste while stewing. If the oysters are good salt-water bivalves, they need no salt. Then pour out and eat, thanking God you live in a land where the art of cooking oysters properly is not wholly lost. If you eat oysters cooked in this style you will never eat them in any other if you can help it.—*Washington Republican*.

Where's Your Gimblet?

Little Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between the DeSmith, an Austin society gentleman, and the Yerger family. This caused to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Colonel Yerger of the intended hour. The whole family and this were in the parlor, when Johnny riveted the attention of all present by asking Gus DeSmith:

"Have you brought your gimblet with you?"

"I'llsh, Johnny," said Mrs. Yerger.

"To bed, sir," remarked Colouel Yerger.

"What do you mean, Johnny?" asked Gus.

"I don't mean nuffin'; except I heard ya say you were coming up this evening to bore us all!"—*Texas Siftings*.

The Owego (N. Y.) Gazette says that when it was in its infancy, seventy years ago, the mails were delivered in Tioga County by post riders, who rode on horseback, and that the Gazette, then the only newspaper published in Southern New York, was delivered to its subscribers by men who rode through the forests on horseback. The time from Owego to New York was two days and a half. Distance, one hundred and seventy miles. The coaches were drawn by four horses, which were usually changed at the end of every twelve or fourteen miles. Nine passengers were carried in a coach, and from three to six outside.

The Secretary of the Williamsburg (N. Y.) Gas Company has received a contribution to the conscience fund from a boy who writes as follows: "When I was a small boy I used for fun to break the glasses in your street lamps. I should have known better, and I did, but anyhow I broke them. I have since been converted to the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and his spirit tells me to pay for those panes of glass. So I most cheerfully send you five dollars, which, I think, will cover everything."—*N. Y. Sun*.

A woman at Stratford, Conn., dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a certain neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across the face and broke his nose. Man is nowhere to be found.—*Boston Post*.

An English gardener says that hoes are far better than weeding. Children, thank your stars and tell it to your father.

Snuffing the "Graingers."

The success of the man who goes among the farmers soliciting their money for his useless wares has long been a scandal and a shame. It is not all the farmer's fault. He is like other men in most respects. Human nature is much the same, the world over. But his isolation offers fewer opportunities for consultation and for combination in self-defence. A scheme that would fail in the town merely because it would attract the attention of others, and be discussed by them while looking on, may be carried out in the reticacy of the farmer's home. A band of scoundrels covering a house in the village with a net-work of lightning-rods, and bulldozing the owner into a promissory note for ten times the cost of the work, would fail merely from the casual presence of the neighbors who might chance to pass while the work was going on. Yet this transparent fraud may be successful when attempted on an unsuspecting and busy man who stands alone.

Legal technicalities tend to demoralize the farmer. He sees some one swindled by the combined shrewdness of two swindlers, one of whom is a lawyer, and he learns to distrust the law.

Finding his name signed to a very harmful contract, he is persuaded that he has "got his foot in it," and he will pay out rather than stand for what he knows to be his rights, fearing the law.

And, at all this, the self-sufficient man on the crowded streets will smile, and say the farmer ought to have more sense. And this is true. We should know more than we do, but experience is a slow school, and it is scarcely the school of those who live in isolation.

But the position of the farmer offers the swindler better opportunity to escape detection. The latter may be gleaned in far-distant pastures before his little scheme has been discovered, whereas, if it had been consummated in the village, the idle loafers, the lawyers, the officers, all would have been on his track while it was yet warm.

It is the duty of the press, as well as of reading and observing farmers and others to warn everybody against the oily tongues of the peddler of cloths, carpets, linens, etc., that have escaped duty, or are bankrupt stocks, and sold for a song. The traveling vendor of grafts and fruit trees is a dangerous fellow, for it takes a long time to prove his guilt. But tree-planting is a matter of so much importance to the planter, and he should be so absolutely certain of what he is doing, that it seems strange that any one should permit himself to take the risk of relying on the representations of an irresponsible stranger.

But it is useless to attempt to enrage the wives of the wicked. The wisdom of the serpent will be sufficient to enable him to hide his trail. An old swindle will be succeeded by a new one, and when the old is forgotten it will be revived.

The only safety is in giving a wide berth to offers of sudden riches at the hands of strangers—to all offers of something for nothing—and especially to every proposition that suggests on its face any intrigue, any fraud upon the Government, or on private persons, or any gain where others must lose.

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The Daily South Kentuckian.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, Editor.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1883.

Edible Birds' Nests.

Edible birds' nests are shipped in large quantities from Java to China and the Eastern Islands for food. The birds that build them are a species of swallow, and they are found in cliffs, caves and caverns. They are composed of a sort of mucilaginous substance which the Chinese relish with gusto. It is a transparent mass like isinglass, mother-of-pearl or white horn. The stuff is made by the birds, who, when you open the bill, has large salivary glands under his tongue which supply the material. The men who hunt these nests are a daring and peculiar set. They have a goddess called Loro who is worshipped by them, and a temple at a place called Rongkup, on the summit of a tall rock. No mortal lives here, and none pass by without raising their hands in grave salutation. It is death for anyone to enter except the chief of the society of nest-pickers, who fills the office of priest. The goddess is supposed to arise from the sea and go into the temple when the season commences, and then a feast is given in her honor, music and dancing girls being in attendance. The nest-gatherers have nothing but a cloth about their loins, a knife and a net bag at their side. When one goes to work he takes his place on a stage of two cross bars fastened to the end of a rope, and is let down against the face of the rock. He grasps the rope with his left hand, and in his right has a rod with which he holds himself off from the rocks. Sometimes he goes down several hundred feet amid the roar of the ocean and hundreds of birds flying all around him. When he comes opposite a sangani hole (that's the name of the bird) he makes a signal, and the lowering stops. He now swings back and forth until he gets power enough to enter the hole and find a footing on the rock she has met. If he fails, he is dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The man generally has a thin cord fastened around his body and to the rope, so that he can pull the stage in to himself again. Should this break however he has to make a bold leap and catch the stage. When he has got into the cavern he cuts off the nests with his knife and places them in his bag, and when it is full he returns and his place is supplied by another. This business is so exclusive that no foreigner has ever been allowed to participate in it. Some Cutch merchants once entered a cave, but they never came out alive, and the Malays have a story that the goddess Loro "took them to her bosom." These swallows breed four times a year, each time making a new nest. The nests are plucked three times, and so only one brood is left to the birds. In the cavern of Karang-Collong, I have heard it stated, there were three hundred and thirty thousand swallows, and from them about five hundred thousand nests are annually taken. The harvest is done in July and August, November and December, and the worst in April and May. The nests are cleaned and sorted and packed in bamboo cases of about seventy in a case. They all go to China, perhaps a few to America and Europe as curiosities; one hundred and seventy thousand pounds go to Canton alone, and about fifty bird nests make a pound. The first quality of nests cost in the cities of China twenty to thirty dollars a pound."

"How are they eaten?"

"They dissolve the nests in water or broth, and spice them highly, using them as an entree. You'll find it a dish among all the wealthy Chinese, and at all the Royal and State entertainments. Why, when General Grant made his tour of the world he was entertained on them at Canton. The Chinese think they are a great stimulant, but some German chemists say that they have no stimulating qualities, and are nothing more than the saliva of the animals, neither nourishing nor stimulating, but awful sticky." —From Interview in Cincinnati Inquirer.

My son, you may invent a new electric light, you may improve the telephone until it can be talked to, you may write a dozen successful books, you may save a sinking State, you may make your name famous, your house great and your memory blessed and the you will not have as big a funeral as Tom Thumb, who never did anything in his life, except to grow less in fifty years than most boys do in ten. And he only did that because he could not help it.

Brower and Harrison Woods killed Morgan Proctor col. at Shakerlawn Monday, without just provocation.

Gen. Williams.

Interior Journal.

The Philadelphia Times has a Kentucky correspondent who seems to be resurrecting and revamping all the old jokes and stories that have been told on local politicians for the last century. One of his last publications is taken from the *Sunday Argus* of several years ago, and was written by Col. E. Polk Johnson, then its editor, from an actual occurrence which we related to him. The true version is as follows: Gen. Williams was staying at the Myers House, Stanford, before his first election as U. S. Senator, and had invited a party to his room to partake of some liquid refreshments. He had imbibed pretty liberally himself, when Capt. Tom Richards, who was bugler in his regiment during the late unpleasantness, having conceived the happy idea of serenading his old commander, arrived in front of the hotel with the band. Thinking to awaken the memory of the General, he sounded the call for boots and saddles and repeated it over and again, but instead of its awaking memories, the old warrior, who had been kept ignorant of the compliment to him, turned to Colonel W. and asked, What stage is that this time of night and what in the hell makes the driver tooo so much? The Colonel politely informed him who the tooter was and suggested that the party expected a speech from him. "H-h-h," said the General and straightening himself up, he marched to the balcony above and commenced, his voice trembling with seeming emotion. I knew that bugle call the instant I heard it, and the memories of the past came crowding to my mind. Often have I heard it calling the old First Kentucky to field of carnage or exultingly sounding the note of victory. [Cheers.] I would have known it even had I heard it in the pathless wilds of the West faro man under the sun can evoke such sweet notes from a bugle as can dear old Tom Richards, the bravest and the best man that ever went to battle. Long and loud cheers followed this and the effect was electrifying. Col. W., unable to keep the true inwardness of the business longer related and vouches for its correctness, though he has never succeeded in making the Capt. believe that the general could thus dissemble. A shrewd politician or a kegner demagogue than Gen. Williams would be hard to stir up, and if his ways are dark, his tricks are never very clear. One of them and it never fails to take, is to get with some acquaintance and walk around a town. This is not for the purpose of being introduced but to get his friends to tell him before reaching a crowd, who is that fellow with the beaver on? The old chap with the spectacles? Or the young rooster with the moustache? Then he goes up to each calls him by name, says something pleasant and it tickles the average man to death to think that the General remembers him so well. This kind of dealing has made the General exceedingly popular with masses, who are unable to see through the business, and he will always be a hard man to beat. He claims that he is as good as chosen as his own successor in the Senate but the prospects are that we will have no walk over even if his ambition is realized.

New Firm, New Firm!

We would invite the attention of our friends and the public to the fact that we have the cheapest and largest line of Sugar, Coffees, Molasses fine Candies and Canned Goods in the city. Also a handsome Bar room supplied with choice Wines, Cigars &c. Cool Beer and Cigars at Stevens & Long's.

Court street Postel block.

Burbridge Bros. will sell you Baled Hay cheaper than anybody in town.

Country and Canvassed Hams cheap at Burbridge Bros.

Dried Beef at Burbridge Bros.

Burbridge Bros. sell all kinds of GROCERIES cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere in this city. Give us a call at the Old Rink.

New York Cream Cheeses at Burbridge Bros.' The finest you ever saw. TRY IT.

For genuine bargains in dress goods and trimmings go to Lipstine & Schoenfeld's.

Look at the grand display in the window at Lipstine & Schoenfeld's, of Silks, Satins and lace. The largest stock in the city.

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of doubt, but always capable of a practical demonstration. It should be a matter of State pride that this

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We have the Largest and Hand-somest Stock of Clothing, Overcoats, Etc., ever brought to this market.

All of our goods are of the Newest and

LATEST STYLES

and we Guarantee a

Perfect Fit.

Rémember we have on hand an elegant assortment of

SUITINGS

Which will be made to order promptly. Fits guaranteed in every instance. A

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That we will give away 3 Solid Gold

WATCHES

as prizes, as follows: 1 Gold Watch value \$125; 2nd, \$100; 3rd, \$75, on and after this date until the day of the drawing, which will take place on December 23rd, 1883. Every one purchasing a suit of clothes will be given a ticket entitling them to a chance. These Watches can be seen in our store, and we assure the public that every ticket holder will have a fair chance and that our Clothing will be offered at the usually

LOW PRICES.

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Jas. Pye & Co.

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Dry Goods,

Clothing,

Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps.

MY STOCK OF

Ladies'

Dress

Goods

IS FULL AND COMPLETE.

I have also, a

Clothing

Department

In connection with my store, where will be found the largest, best selected and cheapest stock of Clothing and

Overcoats

In the city.

I have an elegant line of

Ladies' Wraps,

Consisting of Dolmans, Circulars, Etc., at

EASTERN PRICES.

I take special pleasure in calling the

ATTENTION

of the Ladies to the fact that I have engaged Miss Hayes, of New York, to assist Mrs. Hart in the

Millinery

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of which I am making a specialty, and you will find a choice selection of Ladies' Misses' and Children's

Bonnets,

and a most elegant line of Trimmings, consisting of Ostrich Plumes of all hues and colors, the rarest of oriental Bird Sprays and Artificial Flowers. Don't fail to examine my stock, as it surpasses any ever in this market.

ISAAC HART,
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THE MIGHTY MAMMOTH MONARCH

And Gigantic Colossus of all Amusement Organizations paraded in

S. H. BARRETT & CO.'S
NEW UNITED MONSTER

Railroad Shows,

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Positively coming and will exhibit in all its vast entirety.

Hopkinsville, Thursday, October 11



MASTODONIC MENAGERIE,

Comprising every known species of Wild Beasts, Rare Birds and Sea Monsters, confined in

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A Herd of Elephants, including the Largest and Smallest on exhibition, 11 Performing Thoroughbred Kentucky Horses, Prof. Morris' Educated Dogs, Goats and Monkeys. Nothing like it on earth! Including all other Exhibitions into Dwarf-like insignificance. The Biggest and Best Circus ever Organized! Employing over

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Led by the Great, the Only MR. ROBERT STICKNEY, the Premier of the Arena, MISS EMMA LAKE, the Greatest Living Horsewoman on Earth! 40 Equestrian Celebrities, 30 Gymnasts, Athletes and Aerobists, 20 Double Somersault Leapers, 10 Famous Funny Clowns,

5 BANDS OF MUSIC.

A City of Pavilions, illuminated with Electric Chandlers, A Free Street Parade, Golden Chariots, Triumphal Cars, Cavaliere, Demolisse, Equerries, Elephants, Camels, Ostriches, Giraffes, Blooded Horses, Ponies, and a Grand Allegorical Display, eclipsing a Mardi Gras Exposition, will be given on the morning of the day of exhibition. This Grand and Impressive Spectacle is over Three Miles in Length, and the Steam Air Ship in Operation Outside.

Remember it is Free to All!

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Russellville October 10
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